

# The Weekly Expositor

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YALE, MICH

We suppose that green goods will continue to ply their trade as long as they can find people who are green enough to buy their goods.

A SAN FRANCISCO attorney has thrashed a witness who had insulted him. If the rule can be made to work both ways there can be no objection to its adoption.

CAPTAIN HOWGATE's success in living six years in New York undetected is another reminder that hunted men are often best able to conceal themselves in a crowd.

ACCORDING to late reports Li Hung Chang has lost all of his feathers, his under-jackets, yellow and otherwise, and his job at the same time. It's a hard year on incumbents.

THE shipment of a large consignment of corn from Alabama to Chicago is something of a novelty in the movement of grain, but it isn't sending seals to Newcastle this year.

RESIDENTS of Vienna made a demand for universal suffrage, and so far seventy of them have gone to jail, while a free and enlightened government has hopes of catching the rest.

THE Corbett-Fitzsimmons paper prize fight goes merrily on with not the slightest sign of a knock-out on either side. If the two pugilists use their fists with as much facility as they do their pens the mill between them, if it should ever come off, would have to be a pugilistic continued story.

LICENSE is always to be conceded to a poet who engages in the work of describing a beautiful painting, but the writer who says: "Her chestnut hair is neatly braided down her back," has not improved upon the more familiar line of the vaudeville song: "And her golden hair was hanging down her back."

OVER 600 men entered the freshman class at Yale; the real class, not the specials. This is equal in number to the entire lot of students in the college, say twenty years ago. It is extremely unlikely that the old-fashioned class feeling, which has always been a great feature at Yale, can be preserved now that the classes are so large.

Now that the changes have been pretty well wrung on the old fad of cancer-producing tomatoes, the other extreme is being resorted to by the adoption of all sorts of commonplace vegetables as antidotes. Red clover is being put forth as a sure cancer cure. In many parts of the country any abnormal swelling is at once looked upon as a tumor of the malignant type, and red clover eating at once urged.

THE estate of the late John Steinberger has long been distributed in the belief that no will existed. Now a will has been filed bequeathing the property to others than the ones holding it. The circumstance must be interesting to lawyers, but if the two sets of claimants are of an economical turn they will relinquish every right and be happy to learn that the estate will cover the certain legal and possible judicial fee.

PATRIOTISM in Japan animates all ranks of the people, the mendicant, priests and nuns contribute their mites to the war fund, while the empress and the ladies of the nobility give their jewels and prepare with their own hands lint and other assuagements for the wounded. This patriotic spirit invites the admiration of all the world except China, and may not be without appreciation even in that torpid and insensible land, which has the best of reasons for being interested in it.

THE pugilistic controversy has reached the farcical stage. Fitzsimmons complains that Corbett, as champion of the world, must accept a challenge from him; yet declares that if he, Fitzsimmons, gains the championship he will refuse to fight Peter Jackson on account of color, though Jackson is perhaps the one man who can defeat him. As long as Fitzsimmons maintains this attitude toward Jackson so long will Corbett have a loophole of escape in popular opinion.

CO-OPERATIVE business and manufacturing enterprises have a record of many failures in this country, but in England they appear to have been more uniformly successful. In twenty years ending with 1891 the number of co-operative societies in Great Britain increased from 746 to 1656, their capital from \$12,607,000 to \$36,111,170, the annual sales from \$47,318,000 to \$244,008,485, and the annual profit from \$3,331,000 to \$23,571,490. What English men of business can do Americans should be able to repeat under like conditions and with equally satisfactory results.

SIXTY dwelling houses in Blaski, Russian Poland, where cholera is raging, have been destroyed by fire, together with many inmates. That was a cruel and costly method of wiping out the plague but it was probably effective within the burned district.

By murdering historians whose works do not flatter the present control of affairs the government of Salvador may save its peace of mind for a time, but future historians, who can not be so muzzled, will see that the debt is repaid with interest.

## TABERNACLE PULPIT.

### BRINGING SOULS TO THE SHORE OF SAFETY.

A Sermon from Jonah 1:1, xiv: "The Men Rowed Hard to Bring It to the Land, but Could Not, Wherefore They Cried Unto the Lord."

BROOKLYN, Oct. 14.—Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is still absent on his round-the-world tour, has selected as the subject of to-day's sermon, through the press: "The Oarsmen Defeated."

Navigation in the Mediterranean sea always was perilous, especially so in early times. Vessels were propelled partly by sail and partly by oar. When, by reason of great stress of weather, it was necessary to reef the canvas or haul it in, then the vessel was entirely dependent upon the oars, sometimes twenty or thirty of them on either side the vessel. You would not venture outside your harbor with such a craft as my text finds Jonah sailing in; but he had not much choice of vessels. He was running away from the Lord; and when a man is running away from the Lord, he has to run very fast.

God had told Jonah to go to Nineveh to preach about the destruction of that city. Jonah disobeyed. That always makes rough water, whether in the Mediterranean or the Atlantic, or the Pacific, or the Caspian sea. It is a very hard thing to scare sailors. I have seen them, when the brow of the vessel was almost under water, and they were walking the deck knee-deep in the surf, and the small boats by the side of the vessel had been crushed as small as kindling wood, whistling as though nothing had happened; but the Bible says that these mariners of whom I speak were frightened. That which sailors call "a lump of a sea" had become a blinding, deafening, swamping fury. How mad the wind can get at the water, and the water can get at the wind, you do not know unless you have been spectators. I have in my house a piece of a sail of a ship, no larger than the palm of my hand. That piece of canvas was all that was left of the largest sail of the ship Greece that went into the storm 200 miles off Newfoundland. Oh, what a night that was! I suppose it was in some such storm as this that Jonah was caught.

He knew that the tempest was on his account, and he asked the sailors to throw him overboard. Sailors are a generous hearted race, and they resolved to make their escape, if possible, without resorting to such extreme measures. The sails are of no use, and so they lay hold on their oars. I see the long bank of shining blades on either side of the vessel. Oh! how they did pull, the bronzed seamen, as they laid back into the oars. But rowing on the sea is very different from rowing upon a river; and as the vessel hoists, the oars skip the wave and miss the stroke, and the tempest laughs to scorn the flying paddles. It is of no use, no use. There comes a wave that crashes the last mast, and sweeps the oarsmen from their places, and tumbles everything in the confusion of impending shipwreck, or, as my text has it, "The men rowed hard to bring it to the land; but they could not; wherefore they cried unto the Lord."

This scene is very suggestive to me, and I pray God I may have grace and strength enough to represent it intelligently to you. Years ago I preached a sermon on another phase of this very subject, and I got a letter from Houston, Texas, the writer saying that the reading of that sermon in London had led him to God. And I received another letter from South Australia, saying that the reading of that sermon in Australia had brought several souls to Christ. And then, I thought, why not take another phase of the same subject, for perhaps that God who can raise in power that which is sown in weakness may now, through another phase of the same subject, bring salvation to the people who shall hear and salvation to the people who shall read. Men and women, who know how to pray, lay hold of the Lord God Almighty and wrestle for the blessing.

Bishop Latimer would stop sometimes in the midst of his argument, and say, "Now, I will tell you a fable; and to-day I would like to bring the scene of the text as an illustration of a most important religious truth. As those Mediterranean oarsmen trying to bring Jonah ashore, were discomfited, I have to tell you that they were not the only men who have broken down on their paddles, and have been obliged to call on the Lord for help. I want to say that the unavailing efforts of those Mediterranean oarsmen have a counterpart in the efforts we are making to bring souls to the shore of safety and set their feet on the Rock of Ages. You have a father, or mother, or husband, or wife, or child, or near friend, who is not a Christian. There have been times when you have been in agony about their salvation. A minister of Christ, whose wife was dying without any hope in Jesus, walked the floor, wrung his hands, cried bitterly, and said, "I believe I shall go insane, for I know she is not prepared to meet God." And there may have been days of sickness in your household, when you feared it would be a fatal sickness; and how closely you examined the face of the doctor as he came in and scrutinized the patient, and left the pulse, and you followed him into the next room, and said, "There isn't any danger, is there, doctor?" And the hesitation and the uncertainty of the reply made two eternities dash before your vision. And then you went and talked to the sick one about the great future. Oh, there are those here who have tried to bring their friends to God. They have been unable to bring them to the shore of safety. They are no nearer that point than they were twenty years

ago. You think you have got them almost to the shore, when you are swept back again. What shall you do? Put down the oar? Oh, no! I do not advise that; but I do advise that you appeal to that God to whom the Mediterranean oarsmen appealed—the God who could silence the tempest and bring the ship in safety to the port. I tell you, my friends, that there has got to be a good deal of praying before our families are brought to Christ. Ah! it is an awful thing to have half a household on one side the line, and the other part the household on the other side of the line! Two vessels part on the ocean of eternity, one going to the right and the other to the left—further apart, and further apart—until the signals cease to be recognized, and there are only two specks on the horizon, and then they are lost to sight forever!

I have to tell you that the unavailing efforts of these Mediterranean oarsmen have a counterpart in the efforts some of us are making to bring our children to the shore of safety. There never were so many temptations for young people as there are now. The literary and the social influence seem to be against their spiritual interests. Christ seems to be driven almost entirely from the school and the pleasurable concourse, yet God knows how anxious we are of our children. We can not think of going into heaven without them. We do not want to leave this life while they are tossing on the waves of temptation and away from God. From which of them could we consent to be eternally separated? Would it be the son? Would it be the daughter? Would it be the eldest? Would it be the youngest? Would it be the one that is well and stout, or the one that is sick? Oh, I hear some parent saying to-night, "I have tried my best to bring my children to Christ. I have laid hold of the oars until they bent in my grasp, and I have braced myself against the ribs of the boat, and I have pulled for their eternal rescue; but I can't get them to Christ." Then I ask you to imitate the men of the text, and cry mightily unto God. We want more important praying for children, such as the father indulged in when he had tried to bring his six sons to Christ, and they had wandered off into dissipation. Then he got down in his prayers, and said, "O, God! take away my life, if through that means my sons may repent and be brought to Christ!" and the Lord startlingly answered the prayer, and in a few weeks the father was taken away, and through the solemnity the six sons fled unto God. Oh, that father could afford to die for the eternal welfare of his children! He rowed hard to bring them to the land, but could not, and then he cried unto the Lord.

I wish I could put before my un-pardoned readers, their own helplessness. No human arm was ever strong enough to unlock the door of heaven. No foot was ever mighty enough to break the shackles of sin. No oarsman swarthy enough to row himself into God's harbor. The wind is against you. The tide is against you. The law is against you. Ten thousand corrupting influences are against you. Helpless and undone. Not so helpless a sailor on his plank, mid-Atlantic. Not so helpless a traveler girded by twenty miles of prairie on fire. Prove it you say. I will prove it. John vi: 44: "No man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him."

But while I have shown your helplessness, I want to put by the side of it the power and willingness of Christ to save you. I think it was in 1893 a vessel was bound for Portugal, but it was driven to pieces on an unfriendly coast. The captain had his son with him, and with the crew they wandered up to the beach, and started on the long journey to find relief. After awhile the son fainted by reason of hunger and the length of the way. The captain said to the crew, "Carry my boy for me on your shoulders." They carried him on; but the journey was long, that after awhile the crew fainted from hunger and from weariness, and could carry him no longer. Then the father rallied his almost wasted energy, and took up his own boy, and put him on his shoulder, and carried him on mile after mile, mile after mile, until, overcome himself by hunger and weariness, he too fainted by the way. The boy lay down and died, and the father, just at the time rescue came to him, also perished, living only long enough to tell the story—sad story, indeed! But glory be to God that Jesus Christ is able to take us up out of our shipwrecked and dying condition, and put us on the shoulder of his strength, and by the omnipotence of his gospel bear us on through all the journey of this life, and at last through the opening gates of heaven! He is mighty to save. Though your sin be long and black, and inexorable, and outrageous, the very moment you believe I will proclaim pardon—quick, full, grand, unconditional, uncompromising, illimitable, infinite. Oh, the grace of God! I am overwhelmed when I come to think of it. Give me a thousand ladders, lashed fast to each other, that I may scale the height. Let the line run out with the anchor until all the cables of the earth are exhausted, that we may touch the depth. Let the angelic fly in circuit of eternal ages, in trying to sweep around this theme. Oh, the grace of God! It is so high. It is so broad. It is so deep. Glory be to my God, that where man's oar gives out, God's arm begins! Why will ye carry your sins and your sorrows any longer when Christ offers to take them? Why will you wrestle down your fears when this moment you might give up and be saved. Do you not know that everything is ready?

Plenty of room at the feast. Jesus has the ring of his love all ready to put upon your hand. Come now and sit down, ye hungry ones, at the banquet. Ye who are in rags of sin, take the

robe of Christ. Ye who are swamped by the breakers around you, cry to Christ to pilot you into smooth, still waters. On account of the peculiar phase of the subject, I have drawn my present illustrations, you see, chiefly, from the water. I remember that a vessel went to pieces on the Bermudas a great many years ago. It had a vast treasure on board. But the vessel being sunk, no effort was made to raise it. After many years had passed, a company of adventurers went out from England, and after a long voyage they reached the place where the vessel was said to have sunk. They got into a small boat and hovered over the place. Then the divers went down, and they broke through what looked like a limestone covering, and the treasures rolled out—what was found afterward to be, in American money, worth \$1,500,000, and the foundation of a great business house. At that time the whole world rejoiced over what was called the luck of these adventurers. Oh, ye who have been rowing toward the shore, and have not been able to reach it, I want to tell you to-night that your boat hovers over infinite treasure! All the riches of God are at your feet. Treasures that never fail and crowns that never grow dim. Who will go down now and seek them? Who will dive for the pearl of great price? Who will be prepared for life, for death, for judgment, for the long eternity? See two hands of blood stretched out toward your soul, as Jesus says, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

### HE AND SHE.

A young woman at Princess Anna, Md., died a few days ago from the effects of swallowing chewing gum.

Six hundred and eight women recently applied for a poorly-paid place as mail sorters in an English postoffice.

C. P. Villiers, the father of the English house of commons, is 92 years old, but still attends the house regularly and often speaks.

Noah Shanks, a Brownsville, Oregon, boy, got sick, as might have been expected, from his phenomenal feat of eating at a single sitting seventeen Bologna sausages.

In Boston are the headquarters of the Ramabal association, whose purpose it is to rescue child widows in India. This society is flourishing, and reports an income of \$91,784.

The shah of Persia, is a photographer of no mean skill. In his travels about his domain he carries with him a camera, which he uses on any bit of landscape striking his fancy.

Virtue is not always its own sole reward. James Haysman, a New York expressman, who found on the street a check for \$20,000, payable to Russell Sage, took it to his office and received a \$1 bill for his honesty.

A negro had a streak of luck while fishing in the Flint river, near Albany, Ga. His line became tangled in something, which proved to be a lady's gold necklace, which had evidently laid at the bottom of the river for many years.

Everybody smokes in Japan. The pipe holds a little wad of fine cut tobacco as big as a pea. It is fired, and the smoker takes one long whiff, blowing the smoke in a cloud from his mouth and nose. The ladies have pipes with longer stems than the men, and if one of them wishes to show a gentleman a special mark of favor, she lights her pipe, takes half a whiff, hands it to him and lets him finish out the whiff.

### REMNANTS AND RAVELINGS.

S. D. Laveaga, who died recently at Santa Cruz, Cal., left \$1,000,000 to be used in building a hospital for the deaf and blind.

The great game fish of America are the Canadian muskallonge, California bass, Florida tarpon, Labrador salmon and Adirondack lake trout.

A King's Daughters' circle in San Francisco is composed of eight Chinese women, two Japanese, two Syrians and their two American teachers.

A Georgia colored woman decided to commit suicide by drowning, but by the time she had waded in up to her waist, her courage forsook her and she returned to land.

A New York girl, in passing through the hall of her house recently, encountered a burglar. She grappled with him and, catching hold of his hair, held on until help arrived, when he was turned over to the police.

A Chicago criminal owes his escape from the penitentiary to the cleverness and devotion of his sister. She managed to administer to him, unknown to the prison officials, a drug which gave him every appearance of a violent attack of inflammatory rheumatism. The woman then went to the judge and by telling him the condition of the prisoner secured a suspension of the sentence.

A vender of patent churns told a Lewiston woman his churn would make two more pounds of butter than her old one. He left the churn and promised to be around in the morning to test it. Before he came she did her churning in her old churn and put the buttermilk in the new one. The agent came and churned and surrendered with the exclamation, "There is no butter in this cream." "I know it," said the lady, "for I've churned it in my churn, but I wanted to see you get that other two pounds." There was no sale.

### Sandwich Soldiers.

An ingenious Belgian has constructed a double bullet-proof cuirass to protect both front and back, and his idea is that in times of peace it should be employed as a pair of sandwich boards and worn by the soldiers. In this way much revenue would come to the army, and the forces would be kept out of mischief.

## MATRONS AND MAIDS.

### ALL IN AND OUT AND AROUND THE HOUSE.

What a Woman Must Be to Minister Successfully to the Sick—Pictorial, But Dangerous—Furns in Needlework—Beautiful Arms.

#### Professional Nurses.

A few years ago the nurses graduated by our hospitals did not represent the best class of young ladies in this country. Now we find many of our first daughters of the land taking up a course of training for nursing. What is the cause of this change? One reason may be found in this fact—the demand of the public for more intelligent and refined nurses. How jarring and discordant to the nerves of the sensitive sufferer is the loud-voiced individual who walks about your room with a jerky step and settles you among your pillows as if she were anxious to get through as quickly as possible, while upon her, in a great measure, your recovery depends, for good nursing is often more effective than medicine.

The nurse of to-day is also to be a companion; much more than it is necessary that she be congenial and capable of ministering to wants of mind and soul as well as of body.

Again, the rapid strides taken by the medical fraternity in the last quarter of a century have given rise to a more complex style of nursing and the standard had of necessity to be raised. In all our hospitals the nurse must be at hand in critical operations to aid both then and afterwards by hand and brain work.

As a rule, those are not admitted for training who have not had experience in the responsibilities of life or are old enough to be able to have good judgment and to rely upon themselves in emergencies. The training now given in the form of lectures is such as will enable the bright student to understand any technical terms a physician may need to use in his instructions to her, while object lessons are found in the actual nursing of the sick in all ordinary diseases under the watchful eye of an experienced nurse, thus the student has the advantage of both theory and practice.

Then with the increased opportunities for work and with the so-called enlargement of her sphere, woman as very naturally looked favorably upon this line of work. Her woman's curiosity has led her to investigate for herself what has puzzled the mind of the physician and her woman's wit has sometimes solved rather trying questions. A bright, intelligent girl once said to me: "I have always wanted to train for a nurse ever since I helped to take care of grandma in her last illness, and the doctors did not know what was the matter with her."

Sometimes the knowledge acquired a training for a nurse has awakened a desire to carry study along the same line still further and in a few years we find our young aspirant to the rank of nurse a full-fledged physician, says the Philadelphia Times.

From a financial standpoint nursing is a fairly good profession, comparing favorably with teaching, and short-hand and type-writing, as a trained nurse seldom receives less than \$20 per week. From being sent out on private duty at first, in the interest of the school with which she is connected, she acquires a foothold and standing, while after graduation, if not occupied, she leaves her address at the school, and in her turn is assisted in securing another position.

To one who is at all philanthropically inclined nursing offers a broad, inviting field for labor; the disappointed lover and the orphan, who feel that this world has no longer any pleasure for them, and who desire only to devote themselves to a life of doing good, are not now the main workers in this profession, but the majority are those who have a taste for the work and who wish to support themselves and who prefer a work of immediate usefulness, for it is true that in nursing one can use his influence directly, and the consciousness that one has been able to relieve suffering, be the extent ever so small, causes one to realize that life is worth the living after all.

There are also those who take the training, not intending to make use of it afterwards in a professional line, but applying it in their families and finding that the practical experience of their training often comes in very handy. To be sure, nursing has its disagreeable side, but what profession has not? Nothing worthy has ever been achieved without patience and labor and the unbiased mind passes over all the petty trials and unpleasantness as merely helps to aid us in moulding our characters, which must be tried as in a furnace.

All hail the wearer of the stripes and cap! May her good work go on and may she realize her responsibility in the lives entrusted to her care, and while she labors to bring renewed strength and health to the weak may she inculcate those principles of love and moral light that never grow old.

#### Household Hints.

A peculiarity of the modern house is the absence of bells. Many of those recently built have no bells except at the entrance, and the majority are without any means of communication from the parlor floor.

A mishap which might have resulted in a fatal accident happened, not long ago, in a Brooklyn house devoid of bells, and may be a warning to others. The mistress, not feeling very well, thought possibly a warm bath might do her good. While in the water she was seized with a violent chill. Realizing her danger

she should she lose consciousness, she struggled out of the tub, and by dint of considerable exertion succeeded in unlocking the door. By this time she was so exhausted that she could barely utter a sound, and even her groans were so faint that they were not heard by the family in other parts of the house. There was not a bell on that door, and sinking down in despair of receiving assistance, she resigned herself to fate, when by chance some one came up stairs, and hearing a sound like a groan, went to investigate.

Since that time a large hand-bell, with the penetrating power of a gong, has been hung on a nail close to the bathroom door. That this precaution is a wise one may be judged from the fact that in the newest and best-equipped hotels all the bath-rooms, whether private or public, are fitted with electric buttons, so placed that they can be touched without the person getting out of the water.

There are so many pretty and artistic bells and table gongs sold everywhere that it would seem unnecessary to remind those who have no electric bells in the parlor to provide themselves with a hand-bell for use when occasion requires. It is most awkward when a visitor is present, and communication must be had with a servant, either to leave the room or to call for what is required, yet, thanks to our later day builders, this is of frequent occurrence in houses otherwise well conducted.—Harper's Bazar.

#### Beautiful Arms.

Take a two-gallon pitcher of water in the right hand, raise it over your head and swing it from left to right in a circle for five minutes, then reverse the motion, circling it from left to right, holding the pitcher upright, and avoiding spilling any of the fluid. When this can be accomplished with ease and accuracy take a second two-gallon pitcher filled with water and swing that first from left to right with the left hand, and as the facility is acquired reverse the motion from right to left. More practice will be found necessary with the left than the right hand. Both hands and arms being trained, next take a two-gallon pitcher of water in each hand and make the movement with both simultaneously, being careful that the rapidly revolving pitchers shall not touch. The vessels must cross each other's orbit at different angles.

This is a most developing exercise to arms, neck and back, and when perfect in the exercise it will be possible to perform the neat little centrifugal experiment of the whirling of an open can of milk rapidly around the head without spilling a drop. Three months of this simple exercise will perfect the arms of even a delicate woman most beautifully and increase her physical strength to a point where she may without effort control her entire household. A husband who sees his wife whirling four gallons around her head with the grace and lightness of a butterfly upon the wing will hesitate about differing with her in mere matters of opinion.—New Orleans Times.

#### Picturesque, but Dangerous.

It is proper to gaze, with a sentimental tear, On landmarks our revered forefathers made! But it's hardly in season to be a defiler Of the time-stricken pump, with its nozzle decayed.

The iron bound bucket we cherish so dearly, But earnest devotion must suffer a slump, When we think of the microbes that wriggle so queerly In water that flows from the old-fashioned pump.

'Tis a flimsy romantic, and well might we keep it, If people would simply admire and not taste. But, think of the water! What dust clouds must sweep it! How it patently stands and absorbs every waste.

'Tis a blissful retreat for the typhoid bacillus. A place where bacteria hurry and jump. It is safe for the germs, but 'twill certainly kill us. To keep on good terms with the old-fashioned pump.

#### Ferns in Needlework.

Ferns of all kinds, and the lovely maiden-hair fern in particular, continue favorites with needleworkers for the decoration of centerpieces, tea-cloths, and lunch sets. They are worked on firm, fine white linen in tones of green to give the proper effect of light and shade now sought for by every one who does good work. They are worked solidly and in a design either to form an entire border or only in corners. In lunch sets only one corner of the doilies is thus decorated. The edges of the pieces are either fringed, buttonholed, or finished with a border of the Honiton lace braid put on in simple pattern. The fringed or lace edge seems best suited to the lightness and delicacy of the ferns. The fringing should not be done until after the work is laundered. When ready to iron carefully with the fine teeth of a coarse comb and press them. Use either the comb or a fine brush broom for the fringes of towels. Pieces of table linen embroidered with ferns in their natural shades are liked nearly as well as those embroidered entirely in white, as it is possible to use any flower or no flower at all with them. They are especially pretty used with pure white china, or with that decorated with gold, violet or pink.

#### Top Overs.

Three cups of flour, one tablespoonful of butter, half a teaspoonful of salt, two cups of milk, six eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, one heaping teaspoonful baking powder. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together twice, chop in the butter. Stir the beaten yolks into the milk and add the flour, then the whites beaten to a stiff froth. Whip vigorously. Cook in hot buttered gem pans or earthen cups in a quick oven half an hour, or until the puffs are brown and well popped over.